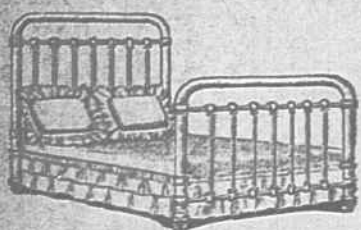


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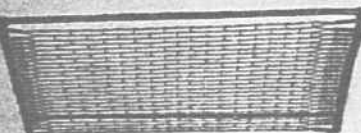
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Are all steel with iron frame, guaranteed for 5 years. Our leader at \$3.50



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Mahogany finish, very highly polished, two-tone green velour, guaranteed spring construction. Consists of Settee, Chair and Rocker. Regular price \$27.50. Sale price \$22.50



Baby Has Nerves Like Grown Folks—

Respect them. Baby can tell you what is the trouble. Soothe the restless infant with DR. FAHREY'S TEETHING SYRUP and he will sleep well, eat well and act well. This famous remedy is mother's best friend. It prevents Cholera Infantum, cures bowel complaints and Colic, makes Teething easy and safe. Can be given to babies one day old. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.

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128 Third Street HIGHLAND BROS. & GORE 128 Third Street EXCLUSIVE SHOE FITTERS

Don't shop around to find what you want in footwear, but come here; we can please you.

WALKOVER COASTER

The season's rage. The ne Doggie last for young men. We have them in patent colt and gun metal.



PRICE \$4.00.



PRICE \$4.00.

LADIES' SMART BOOTS

In Buckskin, Patent Colt and Gun Metal. See the new Velour Shoes. We are showing the latest production in fine shoe making.

PRICE \$4.00.



Viel Kid, Cloth Top, Button. PRICE \$3.50.



Cloth Top, Button. PRICE \$4.00.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance

(Continued from yesterday.)

"The story runs," said I, "that the Bohuns were one of the F. F. V.'s; that they sickened of slavery, freed their slaves and moved north to settle in Radville. I believe they came from somewhere around Lynchburg, but that was a couple of generations ago. When the civil war broke out the old colonel up there—I gestured vaguely in the general direction of the Bohun mansion—"couldn't keep out of it, and naturally he couldn't fight with the north. He won his spurs under Lee. After the war had blown over he came home, to find that his only son had enlisted with the Radville company and disappeared at Gettysburg. It pretty nearly killed the old man, though he wasn't so old then, but there's the Bohun blood, and his boy's action seemed to him nothing less than treason."

"And that's what soured him on the world?"

"Not altogether. He had a daughter—Margaret. She was the most beautiful woman in the world. I suspect my voice broke a little just there, for there was a shade of respectful sympathy in the monosyllable with which he filled the pause. 'He swore she should never marry a northerner, but she did. I guess, being a Bohun, she had to after hearing she must not. There were two of us that loved her, but she chose Sam Graham.'

"Why," he said awkwardly, "I'm sorry."

"I'm not. She was right if I couldn't see it that way. They ran away, and so did I. I went east, but they came back to Radville. Colonel Bohun never forgave them, but they were very happy till she died. Betty's their daughter, of course. Sam's not the kind that marries more than once. We reached our gate, went in very

quietly, and found the Bohun mansion. It was a big, old-fashioned house, with a big porch and a big chimney. It was the way you got your invitation to the party. Mr. Duncan? I happened to see it on the hall table this evening."

"Yes," he assented quietly.

"It's to be the social event of the year. I hope you'll enjoy it."

"I'm not going. It's against the rules at first—I mean business rules. I'll be so busy at the store, you know."

Alone, I was fain to confess he baffled my understanding.

The rush of business to Graham's began the following morning. Duncan's hands were full almost from the first, and he had to relegate such matters as making final disposition of his stock and getting acquainted with it to the intervals between waiting upon customers. Old Sam must have put up more prescriptions in the next few days than he had within the last five years. Everybody wanted to take a look at the renovated store, shake Sam's hand and see what the new partner was really like. Sothern & Lee's was for some days quite deserted, especially after Duncan took a look out of their book, bought an ice cream freezer and began to serve dabs of cream in the soda.

Will Bigelow even dropped round and bought samples of the tobacco stock, from two-fors up to ten-centers, and smoked them with expressive snorts. Tracey Tanner's soda and cigarette trade was transferred bodily to Graham's from the first, and Roland Barnette gave it his patronage, albeit grudgingly, as soon as he found it impossible to shake Josie Lockwood's allegiance. I say grudgingly because Roland didn't like the new partner and had said so from the first. But every one else did like him almost without exception. His attentiveness and courtesy were not ungrateful after the way things were thrown at you at Sothern & Lee's, we declared.

Duncan certainly did strive to please. No man ever worked harder at a Radville store than he did. And from the time that he began to believe there would be some reward for his exertions, that the business was susceptible to being built up by the employment of progressive methods, he grew astonishingly prolific of ideas, from the show windows, and were made as interesting as possible. We learned to go blocks out of our way to find out what Graham & Duncan were exploiting today. And daily bargain sales were instituted, low priced articles of everyday use, such as shaving soap, toothbrushes and the like, being sold at a few cents above cost on certain days, which were announced in advance by means of hand lettered cards in the show windows, whereas formerly we had always been obliged to pay full list prices.

Still earlier in his career as a business man he noticed that the local practitioners wrote their prescriptions on odd scraps of paper.

"That's all wrong," he declared. "We'll have to fix it." And by next morning the job printing press back of the courthouse was groaning under an order from Graham & Duncan's, and a few days later every physician received half a dozen neat pads of blanks with his name and address printed at the top and the advice across the bottom, "Go to Graham's for the best and purest drugs and chemicals." The backs of the blanks were utilized to request people living out of reach, but on rural free delivery routes, either to mail their prescriptions and other orders in or have the physicians telephone them, promising to fill and dispatch them by the first post.

For he had a telephone installed within the first fortnight and the next day advertised in the Gazette that orders by telephone would receive prompt attention and be delivered without delay. Tracey Tanner became his delivery boy, deserting his father's stables for the obvious advantages of \$5 a week with a chance to learn the business.

Starting with a line of five and ten cent packages of indigestible sweets.



TRACEY TANNER BECAME AN EMPLOYEE OF THE NEW STORE.

When in time made arrangements with a big Pittsburgh commission concern to ship him a small consignment of pound and half pound "fancy" boxes of chocolates and bonbons twice a week. And taffy pulls and fudge parties lapsed into desuetude.

Later Sperry introduced him to an association of druggists, of which he became a member, for the maintenance and exploitation of the cigar and tobacco trade in connection with the drug business.

Again, he treated Radville to its first circulating library, establishing a branch in the store. One could buy a book at a moderate price and either keep it or exchange it for a fee of a few cents.

Undoubtedly he made the business hum during those first few months, and after that it settled down to a steady forward movement. The store became a social center, a place for people to meet. In time Tracey was promoted to be assistant and another boy engaged to make deliveries.

But this chronicle of progress has run away altogether with a desultory



BETTY WAS WORKING IN THE SHOP.

peep, which started to tell why Duncan didn't want to go to Josie Lockwood's party. I was long in finding out, but not so long as Graham himself, perhaps, by which I mean to say that he was conscious of the desire not to go and determined not to without stopping to analyze the cause of that desire more than very superficially.

It happened, toward the close of the eventful day already detailed at such length, that as Duncan was entering the house with a load of boxed goods he heard voices in the store—voices, of which one was already too familiar to his ears. He paused, waiting for them to get through with their business and go, for he had no time to waste just then, even upon the helms of his manufactured destiny. Betty was then working in the shop (old Sam having gone upstairs for a little rest, who was overwrought and weary with the excitement of that day), and it was Duncan's hope that she would be able to serve the customers without his assistance.

There were two of them, you see—Josie and Angie Tutthill—luncheon, as usual, in couples. And while he waited, not meaning to eavesdrop, but unwilling to betray his whereabouts by moving, he heard very clearly their passage with Betty.

He overheard first, distinctly, Betty responding in expressionless tones: "Hello, Angie. Hello, Josie."

Then ensued what seemed a slightly awkward pause, then Josie, painfully sweet, "Did you get the invitation, Betty?"

Betty moved into Duncan's range of vision, apparently intending to come and call him. She turned at the question, and he saw her small, thin little body and pinched face in silhouette against the fading light beyond. He saw, too, that she was stiffening herself as if for some unequal contest.

"The invitation?" she questioned dutifully, but with her head up and steady.

"Why," said Josie, "I sent you one—to the party, you know—my lawn feet next week."

I give the local pronunciation as it is. "Did you?"

"I gave it to Tracey for you," persisted the tormentor. "Didn't you get it?"

Betty caught at her breath feebly. Only Duncan could see the little spasm of mortification and anger that shook her.

"Oh, perhaps I did," she said shortly. "I'll ask Mr. Duncan to wait on you."

She swung quickly out into the hallway, slamming the door behind her, and so darkening it that she didn't detect Duncan's shadowed figure. And if she had meant to call him she must have forgotten it, for an instant later he heard her stumbling up the stairs, and as she disappeared he caught the echo of a smothered sob.

He waited motionless, too disturbed at the time to care to enter the store and endure Josie's rapid advances, and through the thin partition there came to him their sharp comments on Betty's ungracious behavior.

"Well."

Josie said finally: "Oh, come on. Don't let's wait any longer. I don't think it's healthy to drink soda so soon before dinner, anyway."

Angie glanced significantly at Josie, saying: "And, besides, we only wanted to

hear."

After voices with their footsteps dimmed, Duncan allowed a prudent interval to elapse, entered the store and began to bestow the goods he had brought in.

While he was at work the light failed. He stopped for lack of it just as Betty came downstairs.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully. "Know where the matches are?"

"Yes." She moved behind a counter and fetched him a few. "Are you most done?" she inquired, not unfriendly, as he took down from its bracket one of the oil lamps.

"Hardly," he responded, touching a light to the wick and replacing the chimney. "It's a good deal of a job."

"Yes."

He replaced the lamp and in the act of turning toward another caught a glimpse of the girl's face, pale and drawn, her eyes a trifle reddened. And with that common sense departed from him, leaving him wholly a prey to his impulse of pity. "Oh, thunder!" he told himself, thrusting a hand into his pocket. "I might as well be broke as the way I am now." He produced the scanty remains of his "grubstake."

"Miss Graham?"

"Yes?" she asked, wondering.

"Could you get a party dress for thirty-four dollars?" she faltered.

He discovered what small change he had in his pocket. It was like him to be extravagant, even extreme. "And fifty-three cents?" he pursued, with a nervous laugh.

"Heavens!" the girl gasped. "I should think so!"

"Then go ahead!" He offered her the money, but she could only stare, incredulous. "I'll stake you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Duncan," she managed to say.

"Oh, yes!" He tried to catch one of the hands that involuntarily had risen



HE OFFERED HER THE MONEY.

toward her face in a gesture of wonder. "Please do," he begged, his tone persuasive, "as a favor to me."

But she evaded him, stepping back. "I couldn't take it; I couldn't really."

"Yes, you can. Just try it once and see how easy it is," he persisted, pursuing.

"No, I can't." She looked up shyly and shook her head, that smile of her mother's for the moment illuminating her face almost with the radiance of beauty. "But I—I thank you very much—just the same."

"But I want you to go to that party."

"You're awful kind," she said softly, still smiling. "But I don't care to go now."

"Don't care to go? Why, you were insisting on going a little while ago."

"Yes," she admitted simply. "I know I was. But I've been thinking over what you said since then, and I—I've made up my mind I'd be out of place there."

"Out of place!" he echoed, thunder-struck.

"Yes. I've concluded I belong here in the store with father." She half turned away. "And I guess folks is better off if they stay where they belong."

CHAPTER XV.

NAT didn't go to the Lockwood lawn fete and did excuse himself on the plea of being unable to leave the store. I'm afraid the young man had a faint, fond hope that Josie would be offended, but his excuse was accepted without remonstrance.

But the party came off without fail, and that on a wonderful still, moonlit night, and everybody voted it a splendid success. The Citizen in its next issue recorded the event to the extent of a column and a half of reading matter, called it a social function and described the gowns of the leading ladies of society present in bewildering phrases. I read the proofs with an admiration strongly tinged with awe and found it lacking in one particular only—no mention was made of Roland Barnette's first open faced snit.

Roland had ordered it from a clothing house in Chicago, and it arrived just in time. Having heard all about it from Roland's own lips (they dilated

upon the matter so warmly, the talk just beneath my window I can't but have heard) I was disappointed. I was of it and was not disappointed. I was of it and was not disappointed. I was of it and was not disappointed.

The coat was bottled at (at least so Watty described it within my hearing) and curiously double-breasted, caught together at the waist with a single button, thus revealing a shining expanse of very stiff shirt bosom, which creaked for some reason. With this Roland wore a ribbed white silk waistcoat, very brilliant low cut patent leather shoes and white silk socks.

The trousers were strikingly cut as to each leg after the physical configuration of the domestic pet, and the effect of the whole was measurably enhanced by an opera hat, one of those tall and striking contraptions that you can shut up in the human midriff and firmly upon the human unconscious, but which is apt to open with a resounding report if you're not careful. I am glad to be able to report that Roland failed to commit the solecism of wearing a red string tie. His tie was a sober black firmly knotted at the factory.

Duncan fell into a routine without the least evidence of discontent. He was early to rise and early to work and rarely left the store save at meal

hours and closing up time. He attended church with admirable regularity, both morning and evening services, on Sunday, the midweek prayer meeting and Friday evening choir practice, for in the course of time he had been won over to join the choir and modestly discovered to our edification a baritone voice wholly untrained, but not unpleasant. Josie Lockwood sang contralto and Bess Gabriel what we were informed was soprano—only Radville called it a soprano. Tracey Tanner pumped the organ and puffed audibly in the pauses, a singular tessellated by his devotion to Angie Tutthill, who "just sang" with the others chiefly because she was Josie's nearest friend.

Nat had settled down to a pretty steady correspondence with Kellogg, chiefly on business matters. Kellogg was investigating old Sam's burner and seemed quite impressed with its possibilities. He had quarreled with Roland's friend Burnham on Duncan's representations and ordered him out of the office of L. J. Bartlett & Co., it seemed. Later he opened up negotiations with a corporation known as the Modern Gas company, I believe, a competitor of Consolidated Petroleum, and in due course representatives of both concerns came to Radville, examined the burner and referred, on requisition. Then Bartlett sent a requisition for a model and supplied the funds for making it, thus demonstrating his confidence.

As for old Sam, he had risen to the dignity of a frock coat and felt himself an aristocrat for the first time in his life.

I don't remember just how soon it was, but it was shortly after the formation of the firm of Graham & Duncan that the young man received his first invitation to dinner at the Lockwoods. He accepted, of course, whether he wanted to or not, for there could be no excuse for his refusing a Sunday bid, and the Lockwoods were invited because they were Aramintha Lockwood's brothers and sister-in-law, and the Godfrees came over from Westerville to grace the board as representatives of the Lockwood strain.

(To be continued.)

FINE IS IMPOSED.

For threatening to harm Dominick Julian at a fruit stand on Fourth street and acting disorderly, Samuel Dento was fined \$5 and costs Friday evening by Justice W. P. Camp. The fine was paid and the man released.

TO KEEP THE PEACE.

Mike Bork, a miner employed at the Moore mine east of the city, was recognized to keep the peace for six months Friday evening by Justice G. H. Gordon at the close of a hearing on a peace warrant sworn out by Thomas Peonok, another miner of the same place.

THE GREATEST

results in cases of weak digestion are obtained from SCOTT'S EMULSION because when ordinary foods do not digest, it provides the needed nourishment in highly concentrated form.

Scott's Emulsion

is so easily digested that its strength is rapidly absorbed by the youngest babe or most delicate adult.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the food that strengthens the race. ALL DRUGGISTS